

Peggy Joyce Ruth Ministries

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Testimonials

Unbelievable Stories of those who survived through amazing situations
with the power of God's word in Psalm 91.

During the years of World War II, the pastor of a church in Dallas, Texas, called each deploying soldier forward and prayed Psalm 91 and other protection verses over them at the altar. That protection was powerfully impacting to Spencer January, who served in the Army's 35th Infantry.

In 1945 his division had just been ordered to take the town of Ossenburg, Germany, where a war factory supplied Hitler's troops. Forcing his way through the dense German forest, Spencer was plagued with the thought that they might never make it back home alive. His group had been fighting for hours to get through the thick junglelike terrain when suddenly they came to an open space with a large stone house. They did not know that the large stone house in the opening was concealing the bodies of soldiers who had tried earlier to cross the clearing, but soon three nests of German machine guns suddenly began blasting away, but it was impossible to take them out since they were too far out of range.

It was sure death to cross the opening, but it was the 35th Infantry's only avenue since every other passage into town was secured by the Germans. The team was in a quandary. They knew there was no way to live to tell the tale if they tried to push on through the clearing. It was impossible for Spencer not to think of his wife and five-month-old son he had left back home. The odds were a thousand to one that he had seen them for the last time. Pain surged through his entire being with that thought. His only hope was a miracle from God.

It is amazing what thoughts bombard one's mind in moments like this. Spencer began remembering elderly Mrs. Tanersly—a faithful prayer warrior from his church back home. He had never before even thought of his need for a prayer warrior, but now she was all he could think about. "What if she was for real?" "What if those prayers she prayed were for a divine purpose?" Time was running out, and at any moment his group would be running right through a barrage of open fire. Before he even knew what he was doing, he found himself on his knees, praying passionately, 'God, you've got to help me! Please, do something!'

Spencer barely had time to finish his desperate prayer when the group was ordered to advance. Memories of home and family crashed down on him as he gripped his rifle and made his way across the clearing to the other edge of the forest covering. The painful thought that he would probably never see his family again stayed with him every step of the way.

Suddenly a huge white cloud materialized in what had been, only moments before, a totally clear sky. The cloud dropped down and shrouded the clearing, almost like an eclipse. There was no way for the Germans to see where to fire. Instantly Spencer and his fellow soldiers took off like runners in a race—this time competing, not for a medal, but for their very lives.

Almost beyond belief, Spencer found himself across the clearing and into the thicket. Many more of his group were making it across. The ones in the very back were having to pull some of the wounded to safety, but even those were making it. No one had to tell him that what he had just experienced was God. As quickly as the miracle cloud had appeared, just as the last soldier made it across the cloud vanished miraculously. Then suddenly, the earth literally shook in convulsions as the Germans launched a bomb that blew the stone house into tiny pieces. It became obvious that they did not realize Spencer and his group had already crossed the clearing in obscurity.

All the way to Ossenburg, Spencer kept thinking about that cloud. He was used to the smoke screens that were used to hide the troops, but this was entirely different. This was not a man-made covering. He and the other men knew it was a supernatural intervention. And to continue His miracle, God helped them overtake the war factory in Ossenburg.

A short time later, Spencer received a letter from his mother that had finally caught up with him. In it she told him that Mrs. Tankersly, the very woman who had been so heavily on his mind the day when they were under attack in that open field, had called

to tell her about a spiritual visitation from God. It had come in the night when God told her, "Spencer January is in trouble! Get up right now and pray for him!" Mrs. Tankersly said that she had prayed until time to go to work, and the last thing she remembered praying was: "Lord, whatever danger Spencer is in, just cover him with a cloud!" She told Spencer's mother that she had finished praying at 6 A.M.

By the time he finished reading, Spencer was shaking so hard that he could barely see to read the letter. He realized there was a seven-hour difference in time, so Mrs. Tankersly had been praying just as his group came upon the German ambush. Her prayer for God to send a cloud covering would have been prayed at one o'clock in the afternoon in Germany —just when they were ready to dash across the danger zone.

God's supernatural protection made such an impression on Spencer that he dedicated the early morning hours every day for the next sixty years to pray for friends and relatives. After the miracle intervention in Germany, no one could have taken away his faith in the difference that prayer can make. He was convinced beyond a shadow of a doubt that the prayer of that one faithful woman back in 1945 had not only saved his life, but also the lives of the other soldiers with him as they ran unseen through the cloud covering.

After his time of serving in WWII, he continued on as a soldier, but, this time, as a faithful soldier in the Lord's army. There is no way to know all the miracles that followed the wake of those fervent prayers that Spencer January prayed.

Although some people might call happenings like these a coincidence, the negative situations that we encounter can become God-incidences when we trust His Word.

Avery Adams Miracle July 4th 2011

Our family snuggled up under a blanket to watch the firework show on July 4, 2011, then started down the hill to our car to head home. It was very dark and the traffic was crazy with so many families getting into cars and then pulling out onto the highway. I was glad there were so many traffic workers manning the crowd. My husband Heath and our two boys were crossing the highway and I was just a few feet away with my hands full of camera bags, purse and holding onto Peyton. Heath also had his hands full with the two boys, pulling the wagon with all of our things and managing our dogs on leashes. He was watching for a chance to cross the street and I heard him holler GO to the boys!

The coast was clear so Peyton and I also started across the road when Avery ran ahead! To everyone's surprise, this car came speeding out of the dark, and I watched helplessly as it plowed right into Avery. I dropped Peyton's hand, threw all my things in the middle of the highway and began running toward Avery just as I saw him fly up in the air and come down on the hood and windshield of the car, then roll off onto the ground. Almost in one motion he looked back at me and said,

"I'm ok, Mom! I'm Ok!!" I grabbed him and started screaming out,

"The Blood of Jesus! The Blood of Jesus!"

I wish I could tell you that I was calm, cool and collected, but I was shouting at the top of my lungs, "We have Psalm 91 protection!!" I'm sure they could have heard me a block away, but as I looked at the car and saw the damage, I got even louder. Her front metal bumper was bent, her hood had a big dent, her windshield was cracked all the way across and in a separate spot there was a big spider web crack! Instantly, Heath was there, and with his flashlight, he was checking Avery over from head to foot. (I can always count on him to be calm.) A woman came and stood with Hunter and Peyton and the lady who was driving the car had gotten out and kept asking over and over if he was ok!

I couldn't even respond to her. There was a man in the car with her and he and Heath got into an argument that was escalating until I shouted out to Heath to stop it!

Later that night the police officer on the scene came to the hospital to check on Avery and told us that the lady who hit him and the man who was with her had been drinking and she had been arrested for reckless driving and taken to jail.

Emergency workers had checked Avery over carefully at the scene, then at the emergency room they began taking Xrays! While we were waiting for the doctor to read the Xrays, Avery told me, "Mom, I already knew that God loved me and had a plan for my life, but now I really know He has something special for me to do!" Our wonderful, heavenly Father was certainly at work. The Doctor said Avery was just fine. They could find nothing wrong—no injuries, whatsoever. They kept us through the night for observation, but when he was still in good shape early the next morning, they let us go home.

We kept close watch, waking him and checking him. And I kept looking for a bruise or a mark, but there was nothing! It was awesome—nothing short of supernatural. Our God protected Avery completely. There were no bruises—and NO PAIN!! We are sooo thankful, thankful beyond words,

for His protection over our son. We know that our God has a calling and a plan for Avery. And because of our covenant, Avery will live a long, healthy life and do all that God has called Him to do!! Avery will be mighty in this world for Jesus!! Thank You Jesus!! You are soo good!! So Awesome! So Mighty!

So Powerful!! You are so Great!! There is no one else like You!! I love You, Lord, with all of my heart!!

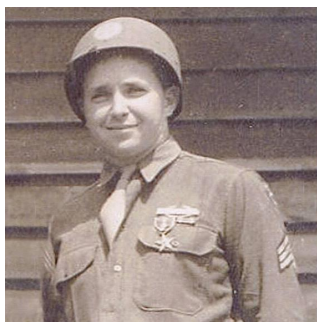
I would like to give testimony of a miracle God preformed for my son Lcpl. Mikhail Quijada and Gunnery Sergeant Todd Bryd Oct. 5th 2005 in Iraq. They were in convoy when the LAV they were in ran over a IED (land mine). The mine didn't go off when the first set of tires went over it. If it had, it could of killed or seriously injured my son and his sergeant. It exploded when the second set rolled over it destroying the vehicle but without harming Mikhail or Todd. Mikhail's loving wife has been reading Psalm 91 over him morning and night. She has a copy of your book that I had sent her. We are so grateful to God for His Word first of all, but for you also for making Psalm 91 more than just writing on a page!!

God Bless, Jane Quijada, Proud mom of a US Marine!



Some of the men from our Living Word Church were building on the College House at 901 Clark Street on September 20th, 2002, when suddenly there was a loud explosion. Fire began flying out the top of the power pole and steam came pouring out of the hole which two of the men were standing, ankle deep in water from the night's rain. One of the men had been holding onto a metal stake while the other man drove it into the ground and they accidentally drove it into the main electrical power line, knocking all of the electricity out for blocks around and shooting fire in all directions. The TU Electric people were stunned. **7,200** volts of electricity were flowing through the line that they had just driven the metal stake out. According to the electricians there should have been nothing left of those men except a piece of charcoal. None of the officials could believe that anyone could have survived what happened-- holding onto the metal and standing in water. They reminded us that only a few months before two employees cutting tree limbs away from the power line, with far less contact than what these two men experienced had been electrocuted and their truck and equipment burned completely to a crisp.

For several years the church leadership has prayed Psalm 91 protection every morning over the staff and the congregation. God is so good and so faithful. This happened too recently to get into the book, but I thought you would enjoy hearing about another powerful miracle of God.



Testimony of Sergeant Harold Barclay of Brownwood, Texas as told by his daughter, Janie Boyd

Sergeant George Harold Barclay Served in WWII in General Patton's 320th Infantry of the U.S. Army, Company E. Continuous fear eliminated any expectation of ever returning to his wife and baby daughter. The same fear

kept his wife terrified when she would see a Western Union truck delivering letters of war casualties. Once a Western Union messenger came to her door by mistake and she said that she froze with terror. Sometimes as many as six weeks would go by without a letter, during which time the News reported that half of Barclay's company had been killed. The Battle of the Bulge saw his whole outfit cut off from the rest of the army.

Finally, however a letter came from Harold saying that God had given him Psalm 91, and he now had absolute certainty that he would come home without even an injury. So certain was he of this promise in Psalm 91, that when the medics said they needed volunteers to go to the front lines to bring back the injured, Harold volunteered and made repeated trips under extreme enemy fire, saving many lives.

The citation for the Bronze Star Award that he received said "...for bravery", but Harold insisted that it wasn't bravery since he knew nothing would happen to him because of the covenant promise God had given to him in Psalm 91. When he came home without a scratch, it was obvious that angels had indeed borne him up in their hands, allowing no evil to befall him (Psalm 91: 11-12).

The Summer that Cullen (*Peggy Joyce's Grandson*) was five years old, I was swimming with him and his cousins in their pool. One of the adults said, "OK, everyone out of the pool." Everyone else had headed inside the house when Cullen saw a plastic life raft come floating by. He said, "Hey, James, watch this," as he stepped off the side of the pool onto the raft like it was a solid piece. It flipped out from under him, and fell backwards into the water, grazing his head on the side of the pool as he fell.

It was the deep end of the pool, and I watched Cullen, with his arms and legs outstretched, and just started sinking to the bottom. I dived in and grabbed him under the arms, but he is unusually big for his age— and weighed more than I did. His dad always said that he felt like a chunk of lead when you tried to lift him, so I wondered if I could get him to the top of the water — especially since he must have been dazed from scrapping his head on the concrete.

I knew we were in trouble so I called on God, and suddenly, I felt someone grab me from behind and begin pushing Cullen and me straight up from the bottom of the pool. (I thought one of the adults had seen us and dived in to help me.) I shot up out of the water with Cullen above me. Then it was like someone pulled Cullen from my arms and laid him on the side of the pool. (I was in water way over my head, so there is no way I could have lifted dead weight out of the pool.) Cullen started crying and coughing, and when I looked around, no one was there—absolutely, no one! I knew God had heard me call, and He had sent an angel to answer my call.

By this time the adults came running out of the house to see if we were OK. They treated me like a hero, and I was given a plaque that says, " James Zintgraff saved Cullen Ruth's life," but I knew that I could not have done that rescue alone. I was only an eleven year old kid. I know that God heard me and sent His angel to answer my call.

James Zintgraff and Cullen Ruth



Jimmy Stewart

Actor Jimmy Stewart, prior to WW II, learned to fly and received his private pilot's license in 1935. He enlisted in the Army on March 22, 1941. Though he desired to fly as a combat pilot, he was first used mostly for publicity. At his own expense, he took additional private flight training so he could qualify for combat. He

received his commission after the attack on Pearl Harbor.

Early in the war, Jimmy Stewart served as a Bombardier trainer. He was eventually qualified on B-17s and was attached as Operations Officer with the 445th Bomb Group, 703rd squadron. Within a month he was put in command of the squadron. He eventually flew a total of 20 combat missions in WWII. From 1944 to 1945 he served as Chief of Staff, 2nd Combat Wing, 2nd Division, and 8th Air Force. Throughout the way, he carried with him a copy of the 91st Psalm, a gift from his father. The Jimmy Stewart Museum quotes him as saying, "What I promise for an airman. I placed in His hands the squadron I would be leading. And, as the psalmist promised, I felt myself borne up."

Steven Waling is a linguist. Before he left on this last mission in Afganistan he had really taken Psalm 91 to heart and had asked his wife to get others to pray for him to have no fear and be discerning in what he was supposed to do. He later wrote home saying that he wanted to tell about one incident of how Psalms 91 worked miracles for him! He wrote, "One night we were listening to them talk about planning a massive attack if we held our position. They had rockets, mortars, RPG's, and about 20 guys ready to attack us. I went through Psalms 91, prayed that we would be invisible to them, that they would not be able to find us, hear us, or attack us and that God would send down an army of angels to stand guard. Then I went to sleep in total peace. I was awakened by one of my team-mates because it was my turn to stand watch from 0200-0500. There was no movement- no attack- nothing- not even chatter on the radio for us to track them. But in the morning they were all jamming the radio, blaming each other for not attacking us. One guy said he had company and couldn't come... another said he didn't have enough bullets... the explosive's guy couldn't ever find the "wire guy" to set IED's and bombs for us... another couldn't start his motorcycle... I mean, it was one excuse after another! Then, as if that was not enough of a miracle, I heard over the radio a miracle of miracles... something like eight of the twenty people had gathered to attack one of our three sites, but they said they went up the mountain where we had been all day and decided we must have left without making a sound because we were gone. I am telling you-- we stayed there all night on top of a wide open mountain-- not hiding behind the crest. We were right out on the very top in plain site. I realized that it was a little too close to the prayer I had prayed that night before! I knew that Psalms 91 was being prayed for me daily- and I tell you- I had NO FEAR anywhere in my mind or heart! The next day we chased them and they just ran or hid or told others to go and fight because they had to go pray! I just thought I would let you know that the Word works. There is only one thing that is impossible for God to do... break his own words and promises! He certainly held true to them this trip- and for a pressure plate IED designed to blow when you step or roll onto them to somehow get delayed until it was at the trunk of the HMMWV- that's impossible in the natural! (one of ther Hummvees ran over an IED and it didnt blow right away, probably saving the lives of the people in it... as he said, by the time it blew it was "at the trunk".)

John Waling



Hi, My name is Cindy Crews. A lawyer friend of mine, Jackie Barrows, gave me the book Psalm 91 when I went to drug rehab for 21 days. While accepting it freely, I am not fond of reading for pleasure. While finding I had a lot of alone time, I decided to start reading the book. I really loved what I was able to read and made a lot of marks in it, as well. Everyday in rehab we did what was called a secret support and also asked each other questions and then shared with everyone at wrap up every night. I applied your wonderful text to my life and used it to uplift others in rehab with daily words of encouragement. I was also most pleased to be able and use some questions in your book to ask my peers how it applied to their life and their recovery. It was a very uplifting experience for everyone. Toward the end of my stay, I was overly compelled to pass your book Psalm 91 to a fellow recovery alcoholic. With purple highlights and all, I wrote him a quick word of affirmation in the front cover and I gave it to him the morning he left. I felt wonderful at the chance to compel someone else. I used Psalm 91 in my own recovery and completed my program successfully. I was able to bring the word to alot of my peers in recovery and I am now a better and stronger person because of it.

Also, on a daily basis, I was uplifted with wonderful words of encouragement like I was strong, positive, up beat, smart, and so on. I owe it to the power of Christ, the love of family and friends, and your book Psalm 91.

Thank you for choosing me to pass it on.

Have a Blessed Day. - Cindy Crews from Missouri



Being new to the area and feeling quite lost, I was wandering through a Goodwill store in IL. While rummaging through a bin, I came across a book entitled Psalm 91 God's Shield of Protection. Since I've always loved that particular Psalm, I decided to buy the book. I have read and reread that book a number of times. The pages are marked with comments written by me of things that God has placed in my heart as I read the book. I have never read Psalm 91 with such incredible revelation. I can hardly put the book down! I finish reading the first 21 chapters and then I start it all over again and every time I reread it, God reveals something new to me. This has been a particularly difficult time in our lives. I have felt attack financially, mentally, emotionally, spiritually and even physically. But I continue to read Psalm 91 and dwell on every verse as I go through it mentally. That is what is keeping going at this time. Thank you so much! I'm so excited about this book and I want to purchase it for a number of people. I will continue to reread this book and let the power of the Word wash over me. I appreciate you!

Sincerely, Carol Brosam from Illinois

It all began New Year's Eve night. I was convinced by the precipitation falling from the sky that driving 45-70 minutes was risky, and besides the Holy Spirit lives in me so we can celebrate God and bring in the New Year anywhere ... right? It was a battle of flesh and spirit, but the flesh was going to win without much of a fight. However, my spirit-filled friend Tamara was dialing up God on one of her channels with a different message, so I decided to go.

It was a long drive, but we made it. We had already told a family we would stay with them through the morning of New Year's so we continued on, lighting fireworks as the clock tolled 2009. The next morning came and I was up fixing my bed and preparing for the trip home, when the hostess of the house, Teresa, decided to share a book with me. She said, "Check this book out, it has a lot of wonderful testimonies in it that you might enjoy." She passed me the book and went back down stairs.

Later I joined everyone at the table and she asked what I thought of the book. To which I replied, "I like it ... it's truly a page turner ... I was wondering if I could take it with me?" Of course she granted me the privilege and the rest of the week I would become consumed by the power of the word of God and the reassurance of His deity in every testimony.

I returned to work after the holiday and we sat in a morning staff meeting around the boss's desk and ran through the calendar and other administrative things we all had to attend to over the course of the next few weeks. As the meeting drug on, a feeling of despair overcame me. Everything within me wanted to quit suddenly. I wondered what my purpose in this land of Germany was. I thought of all of the other things I could do for the kingdom of God somewhere else. I wanted to cry, but I had to hold it together because just breaking down in a staff meeting would be the grounds to start the psycho-study on me.

Thankfully the meeting ended shortly thereafter and I thought walking it off was a wise move. I stood at my desk wavering between going for a bite to eat or going to check my mail. After speaking this out loud to my colleague, I decided the walk to the post office was longer, and I needed the walk.

With my new book in hand, I walked and read slowly through the snow and ice, crossing streets and walking through car filled parking lots to the post office. Looking up slightly to check traffic at the street crossings and more so to ponder the words of the testimony of Staff Sgt. Heath Adams and how it related to the verse of scripture the author was explaining. I looked up in wonder trying to grasp how this guy received this gunshot wound, but I put my head right back down and continued my course through the busy post office parking lot.

As I neared the door unconcerned by the possible danger associated with reading and walking in traffic over iced pavement, wearing the slipperiest shoes I own, I heard a voice call out, "Hey ma'am are you reading Psalm 91?" As I looked up I thought, "who could be interrupting me. ... do they not realize I'm eating?" Once I responded "yes," the taller blonde said "do you want to meet the author, she's right here."

As she caroused the people in the car informing the author that someone was reading her book, I was overcome with hysterical, joyous laughter and realized that God heard me in that moment in the earlier staff meeting.

Peggy Joyce Ruth, Lesley King and Angie Shum stood before me telling me of their stay in Germany, I shared how I got a copy of the book and we all laughed and talked in fellowship as I tried to gather myself. But I couldn't get passed God and how he caused us to meet at that moment.

While we stood there, they shared with me their goal of visiting Landstuhl Regional Medical Center. They had come this long way in faith that they would actually get to touch the wounded and pray and lay hands and even lead a soul to the Christ. I didn't know how I could help them, but I was so compelled to do so.

I returned to my office, and the rest of the afternoon was seemingly a wash for completing a large amount of work. I was working the phones for the Kingdom of God. I called Ramstein Public Affairs to get a number to LRMCMC Public Affairs, they referred me to the protocol office at LRMCMC who referred me back to LRMCMC PA. But of course by the time I redialed the number, they were gone for the day; their offices are within whisper room of the other. I then reached out to our chaplaincy, the administrative assistant Sabrina didn't have immediate answers, but she said she would get them, "Let me call you back," she said.

In the meantime I searched the Internet to see if there was a number, but all I could find was a press release about their Warrior Care Center. I also called the cell phone number on the business card Angie had given me earlier, only to get a guy named Scott who shared with me the extreme hope of the team from Brownwood, Texas. "Landstuhl is one of their main prayer focuses, so they would really like to be able to get in tomorrow," he said. He gave me the number to the other cell phone to reach Lesley. And while I spoke to Scott and then Lesley, I was convinced that they would get in, I just needed to make sure they had a point of contact when they got there.

I tried to make a couple more phone calls before Sabrina finally rang my line. Good news, she had some good numbers, but it was well after 4:30 p.m. The possibility of me getting the chaplain's assistant who's name was associated with that line was looking slim. And with no surprise, I didn't get the assistant. Instead, I got the man in charge, Chaplain (Colonel) Griffith who was willing to receive them the next day, but offered no confirmation that they would be able to see the Soldiers in the hospital. "Even celebrities don't get to see them when they visit. ... I can show them the WCC, but getting into the hospital may be a problem."



---Chrystal Smith - Texas

My testimonial is somewhat different than some of the others on your site. I am on my second tour in Afghanistan and during my first tour, I found Psalms 91 so when my second tour came around, I began reading it and meditating on it and studying it. I wanted to understand the promises, the nuances of God's words and meaning. For the past 3 weeks I have been reading it and trying to memorize it; I only have the last 2 verses to go until I have it memorized. Yesterday I was sitting in our day room and I happen to glance over to our DVD/Book shelf and to my surprise the spine of the only book my eyes were drawn to was titled "Psalms 91." Now I work in a unit that never has more than about 8 people in it so it is not like hundreds of people pass through tour to tour, dropping books off and picking them up. Very few people have worked here so I was pleasantly shocked when I saw the book so I got up, went over to the book shelf and picked it up. Turns out it was your book (military edition) and I have not put it down since. I am even more inspired and passionate than ever before. That book was not there by chance, I have had this sort of thing happen to me enough in the past to know that it was divine in making. Any ways, I just wanted to share that story and thank you for writing it. I know I appreciate it.

Ryan – Stafford, VA

I am very excited to tell you that a new Psalm 91 book is being written: Psalm 91 for



Mothers. Please pray for my daughter and I as we endeavor to share the wonderful promises that God has made available for all of us as parents to stand in faith for the well-being of our children. In these days of turmoil, God wants His people to know He has given us a covenant promise that forever keeps us walking in peace and assurance for our children's safety.

Many of you have written to share a Psalm 91 testimony with me. If you have a Psalm 91 testimony of God's faithfulness in protecting your child and would like for it to be considered for my upcoming book, please contact me through the website email.

We will use as many testimonies as possible. All testimonies must go through a process of sourcing, validation, editing and final approval. Please include a picture with written permission to use the story and picture, and a phone number where you can be reached.

email: pjr.squire@gmail.com

Blessings to you, Peggy Joyce Ruth

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